

Emma Louise Robinson
31913018046471

LE
NE

1933

GARFIELD
CLEANER



To Mrs. Minna Gray

**In appreciation of the work of
one whom we all respect, admire
and love, we dedicate this
Gleaner of June,
1933**





Stanley Abbott
 Thomas Adams
 Rosemma Ahlborn
 Rosemary Alexander

Betty Allen
 Helen Arnold
 Ruby Ashley
 Mary Lou Bailey

Tom Banning
 Charlotte Beebe
 Eugene Benjamin
 Jean Berry

Edith Boissonnault
 Bruce Benedict
 Winifred Brosie
 Grace Bullock

Virginia Bussell
 Loren Caffee
 Dan Camp
 Marvis Campbell

Eleanor Carleton
 Jerry Carpenter
 Ethel Carlson
 Jean Catlin

Lueder Cattermole
 Bert Challgren
 Bernice Christensen
 Alma Cioffi

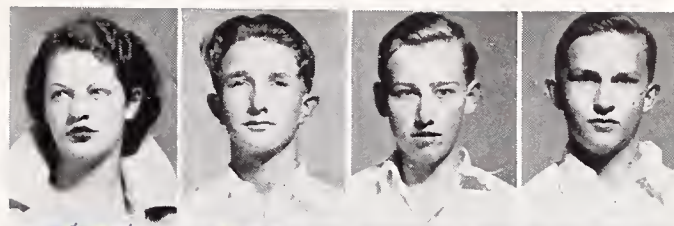
Eileen Collins
 Fred Cordes
 David Corser
 Gladys Crites

Eileen Cunha

Bill Curtis

Robert Davison

John Deal



Jane De Roy

Lucile Dickson

Noel Dill

Richard Dinneford

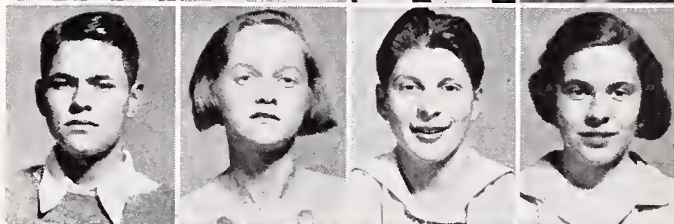


Sam Donahue

Jacqueline Duckett

Carletta Ehat

Ruth Elliott

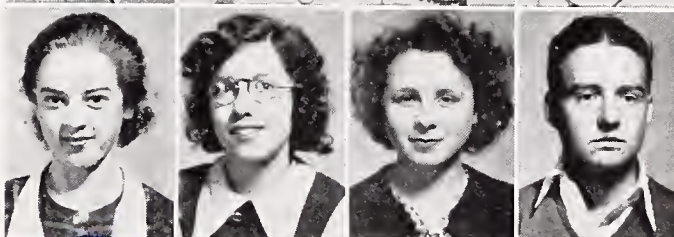


Harriet Ellis

Mary Ensign

Kira Evans

Herbert Flynn



Marjorie Fontaine

Denelda Ford

George Forde

Douglas Forde

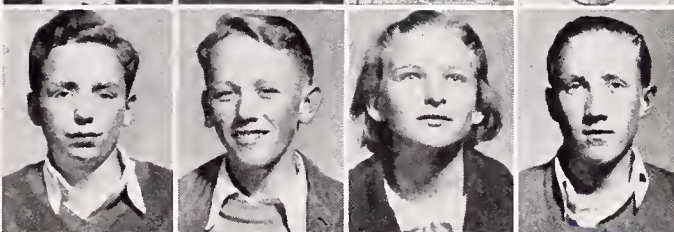


Hamden Forkner

John Freshwater

Frey Frances

Rodman Fullmer



Peggy Gabbert

Rose Mary Garrett

Jane Gazzale

George Gerasimoff



Louis Giamboni

Tom Gillick

Elmer Goodson

Francis Gray





James Gray
 Noel Gray
 Dorris Griffiths
 Harry Gualco

Tynne Halmetoja
 Hamilton Woodrow
 Jean Hamilton
 Doris Hart

Tom Hartwell
 Dick Hemp
 Earldean Henderson
 Dean Hendrickson

Jim Hewitt
 Iva Dee Hiatt
 Warren Hink
 William Hirst

Gregory Hofmeister
 Geraldine Hollar
 Fred Holmes
 Eloise Hollingsworth

Wallace Holt
 Evelyn Hosmer
 Margot Howard
 William Hunrick

Carlyle Inger
 Helen Ingraham
 Stanley Innes
 Allen Israelsen

Gordon Ives
 Ann Jepsen
 Ada Ruth Johnson
 Robert Johnson

Delbert Jones

Ruth Jones

Dorothy Kellner

Frederick Kidder



Wilfred Kincaid

Eugene Kiley

Robert Kleyn-Schoorel

Gladys Klingbeil

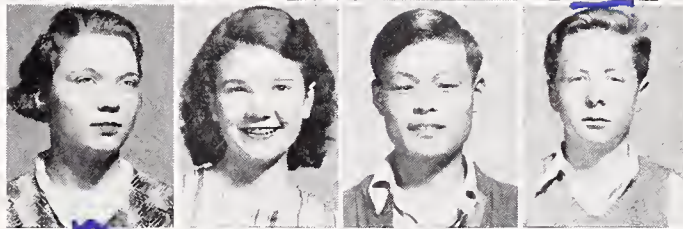


Viola Klingbeil

Beverly Knudsen

Haruki Kuroiwa

Bob Lamborn



Rosemary Langheldt

June Lawton

Olive League

Hal Lehman

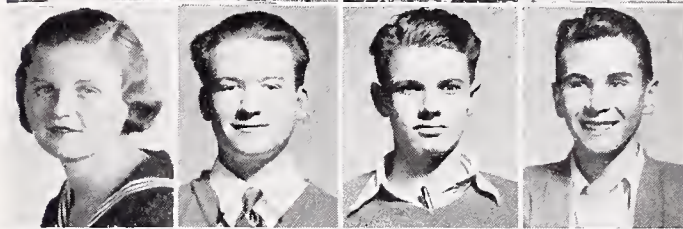


Barbara Libbey

Tom Linscott

Stanford Locke

Dick Loomis

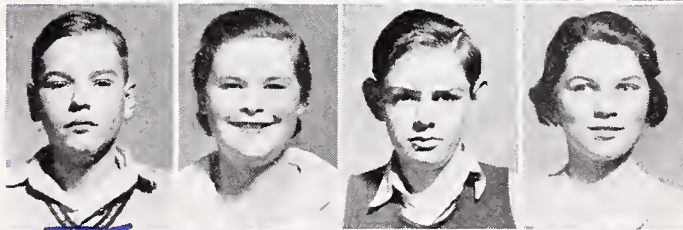


Lowell Lux

Betty McCabe

Wallace Macfarlane

Eleanor McCleer



Don McCormick

Ardelle McElhaney

Harry McElroy

Philip McGuire



Barbara McSwain

Alfred Mabey

Reid Macdonald

Gordon MacPherson





Charles Maker
 Bob Mallary
 Jean Mallary
 David Manbey

Allyn Martin
 Bob Meaker
 Frank Mero
 Allan Metzler

Andrew Meyer
 Frederick Miner
 John Montgomery
 Peter Morton

Max Müller
 Irvin Muratore
 Thelma Murphy
 Alfred Myatt

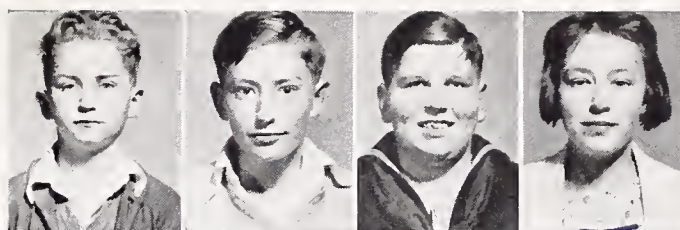
James Owen
 John Owen
 Mary Owen
 Miriam Lee Parsons

Albert Potter
 Nadja Prosor
 Alan Rafty
 Margaret Ramsay

Virginia Reed
 Lucille Rehker
 Clifford Renouf
 Carol Rhyne

Carol Richards
 Richard Richarz
 Mary E. Rieber
 Bradner Roberts

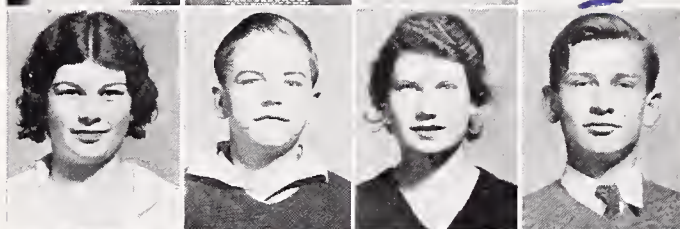
Clinton Roberts
Cecil Rogers
 Wilbur Rogers
 Margaret Rohrer



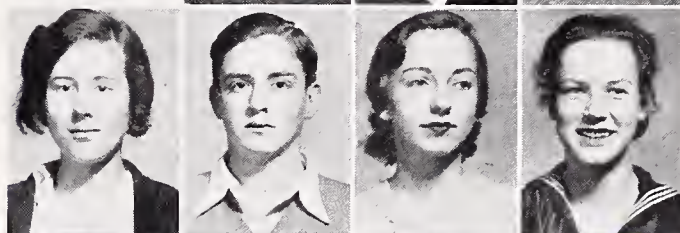
Jennie Roletto
 Alva Rosedale
 William Rothlin
Robert Rushforth



Patricia Rushton
 William Ryan
 Meadus Rygel
 Morgan Saylor



Georgia Saxton
 Jack Schlette
 Marcia Scobey
Marian Scott



Marjorie Sevier
 Gerald Sherman
 Mildred Shore
 Bernard Siefker



Dorothy Smith
 Gayle Smith
 Patricia Smith
 Betty Stearns



Jean Steiner
 Charles Stewart
Dean Stone
 Robert Stone



Bertine Stone
 Margaret Stratton
 Keith Sullivan
 Jane Summers





Walter Swedberg
Earl Sykes, Jr.
Sylvia Tackle
Betty Tisserand

Margaret Totten
Rowena Tregoe
Rosalyn Tully
Stanley Ward

Dawn Warner
Barbara Wentz
Elaine West
George West

Jack Weyand
Armand White
Wilma Wieder
Robert Will

Doris Wilton
Margaret Wingate
Marjorie Wirberspoon
Fred Wood

Cornelia Wood
Vernon Wood
Bernard Woolf
Howard Wright

Bert Wyles
Nelle Van Vechten
Barbara Zeile
Howardine Soule



G. S. A. OFFICERS

G. S. A. OFFICERS—JANUARY TO JUNE, 1933

JAMES GRAY, President	MARIAN SCOTT, Secretary <i>not there</i>
CHARLES FENDER, Vice-President	RUTH JONES, Social Secretary
DEAN STONE, Treasurer	EILEEN COLLINS
MARGARET TOTTEN, Secretary	Girls' Athletic Manager
BOB RUSHFORTH, Boys' Athletic Manager	
BOB MCCARTHY, Yell Leader	

Vagabond Song

*I hear it in the waves that beat on rugged shores;
 I hear it in the breeze that plays about the moors;
 I feel it in the trees that bend and sway aloft;
 I feel it in the rain when the ground is wet and soft;
 I hear it in the mountains when spring has come again;
 I feel it when the storm beats at my window pane;
 I know it and I love it; it's often been my all
 When all about is darkness and I hear the gypsy call.
 It calls me, lures me, haunts me wherever I may be,
 To follow it to far-off lands where adventure's calling me.
 I long to go, I must go to ease that longing pain,
 To see all the things I've dreamed of and longed for, once again.*

RUTH HURT, High Eight.

MRS. GRAY'S ADVISORY

NAME	HATE	HOPE	HOBBY
Tom Banning . . .	6th period English . . .	To win Geraldine Young	Walking home with her
Bruce Benedict . . .	Ardelle McElhaney . . .	To swing a baton . . .	Writing scandal sheets
Jerry Carpenter . . .	Off tune on his saxophone	To remain Margaret Stratton's ideal . . .	Finding the new fads
Loren Caffee . . .	Big words . . .	An absent-minded professor	Studying phsycology
Jean Catlin . . .	Straight hair . . .	A suicide blonde . . .	Getting new permanents
Lucile Dickson . . .	Not homework . . .	Vamp . . .	Running in the halls— errands
Mary Ensign . . .	Rice pudding . . .	Bruce Benedict . . .	Drawing
Rodman Fullmer . . .	Admirers of Wilma Wieder	Magishion . . .	Wilma Wieder
Rose Mary Garrett . . .	Anybody but Hal Lehman	Egyptian Ella . . .	Telling secrets
Noel Gray . . .	Chewing gum sentence . . .	A Venus . . .	Chewing gum
Iva Dee Hiatt . . .	Food . . .	Slender and curves . . .	Being Helen Wills Jr.
Doris Hart . . .	Gym . . .	A lawyer . . .	Fixing her hair
Warren Hink . . .	Girls . . .	Hink's janitor . . .	Being around Margaret Ramsey
Wallace Holt . . .	Latin . . .	Beer baron . . .	Studying
Margot Howard . . .	Parties . . .	A perfect hostess . . .	Being a perfect hostess
Robert Johnson . . .	History . . .	Ethel Carlson . . .	The good side of Miss Whitney
Ada Ruth Johnson . . .	Memorize . . .	A time clock puncher . . .	Taking the roll
Eugene Kiley . . .	Spanish . . .	Babe Ruth II . . .	Being slow
Barbara Libbey . . .	Jim Gray . . .	A great romance . . .	Thinking
Jean Mallery . . .	School in general . . .	Mathematical genius . . .	Algebra
Ardelle McElhaney . . .	A young fresh thing . . .	A dog catcher . . .	Arguing
Wallace Macfarlane . . .	These little sisters . . .	To graduate from Garfield	Wearing out words
Robert Rushforth . . .	Music . . .	A minister . . .	Bossing
Cecil Rogers . . .	To obey . . .	Mother's little boy . . .	Acting up
Alva Rosedale . . .	Chewing gum . . .	A blue-eyed blonde . . .	Yawning
Robert Stone . . .	Lazyness . . .	A pug-nosed prize fighter	Around
Marjorie Sevier . . .	Wearing other people's clothes . . .	A cowgirl . . .	Excusing herself
Nelle Van Vechten . . .	Being embarrassed . . .	A great mezzo-soprano . . .	Carlyle Inger
Wilma Wieder . . .	Men . . .	A negro cook . . .	Vamping the boys
George West . . .	Algebra . . .	Apollo . . .	Playing tennis
Gerald Sherman . . .	To be a barber . . .	A bootlegger . . .	Shining Mrs. Schwimley's car
Richard Roach . . .	To be scolded . . .	Cave man . . .	Teasing Ardelle McElhaney
Richard Richarz . . .	Orchestra . . .	A perfect cutter . . .	Cutting

MR. NEALSON'S ADVISORY

Rosemary Alexander . . .	Fred Minor . . .	Housemaid . . .	Cutting out paper dolls
Alma Cioffi . . .	Woodrow Hamilton . . .	To be cute . . .	Chewing gum
Fred Cordes . . .	Handball . . .	Apencer pluscuamperfecto	Tree sitting
David Corser . . .	Roberta Wynne . . .	To be another student leader	Algebra papers
Gladys Crites . . .	Movies . . .	Greta Garbo II . . .	Reading
Bill Curtis . . .	Cowboys . . .	Noel Dill . . .	Tit-tat-toe
Sam Donohue . . .	Helen Arnold . . .	To get even with teachers for having to sing solos	Letting suspender but- tons fall off
Ruth Elliott . . .	Popguns . . .	To get even with T. L. . .	Fishing
John Freshwater . . .	Money . . .	Lion tamer . . .	Playing Postoffice
Frances Frey . . .	Lueder Cattermole . . .	To have another dance with Eugene Benjamin . . .	Designing bathing suits
Woodrow Hamilton . . .	Alma Cioffi . . .	Second Frankenstein . . .	Being Ingagi
Richard Hemp . . .	Iva Dee Hiatt . . .	To be a puncher in a Swiss cheese factory . . .	Asking dumb ?'s
Bill Hirst . . .	Margaret Stratton . . .	Bell hop . . .	Reading the funnies
Gregory Hofmeister . . .	June Hamilton . . .	Harry McElroy . . .	Playing the trumpet
Fred Holmes . . .	Gum testing . . .	Peach fuzz picker . . .	Horse laughing at the wrong time
Gordon Ives . . .	Ghosts . . .	Squirrel bait . . .	Ditching
Haruki Kuroiwa . . .	Olive oil . . .	Radio crooner . . .	Playing the Harmonica
Gladys Klingbeil . . .	Carlyle Inger . . .	8 lovely children . . .	Teacher's pet
Robert Kleyn-Schoorel . . .	Washing . . .	Candy tester . . .	Thinking
Tom Linscott . . .	Olive League . . .	Bartender . . .	Staying for detention
Lowell Lux . . .	Dishwashing . . .	Barrel manufacturer . . .	Playing hopscotch
Frank Mero . . .	Rowena Tregea . . .	Ballet master . . .	Acting like Tarzan
Gordon McPherson . . .	To get up . . .	To be owner of Lux Soap Co.	Playing paper dolls

NAME	HATE	HOPE	HOBBY
Barbara McSwain . . .	Bradner Roberts . . .	To wear a tux . . .	Posing for sun-tan ads
Fred Minor . . .	Betty McCabe . . .	To speak pig Latin . . .	Gals
John Montgomery . . .	Onions . . .	To be a cartoonist . . .	Perfumery ?
Thelma Murphy . . .	Permanents . . .	Matrimony . . .	Primping
Mary Owen . . .	Walter Swedberg . . .	To own a ranch . . .	Horse back riding
Carol Rhyne . . .	Algebra . . .	To be a teacher of big boys	Painting
Clinton Roberts . . .	Lipstick . . .	Big league baseball player	Waving his hair
Meadus Rygel . . .	Boys . . .	Saleswoman . . .	Collecting china dogs
Morgan Saylor . . .	Barbara McSwain . . .	To be the chief tiddely-winker . . .	Flying toy airplanes
Jack Schlette . . .	School . . .	A date with Madame X . . .	Playing tennis
Stanley Ward . . .	Movies . . .	Miriam Parsons . . .	Cartoons
Elaine West . . .	Blowing bubbles . . .	Chorus girl . . .	Borrowing Latin from Wilfred
Robert Wills . . .	Wilma Wieder . . .	Sing Sing . . .	Minding the baby
Margaret Wingate . . .	Spiders . . .	Play football . . .	Getting sunburned
Marjorie Witherspoon . . .	Harry McElroy . . .	To marry a millionaire . . .	Bicycling

MISS KIDWELL'S ADVISORY

Tom Adams . . .	Clarinets . . .	French teacher . . .	Answering questions
Helen Arnold . . .	Boys . . .	Marathon dancer . . .	Teasing Jim Gray
Jean Berry . . .	Nothing . . .	Happily married . . .	Skating
Charlotte Beebe . . .	Don McCormick . . .	Divorcee . . .	Burning up
Edith Boissonnault . . .	Last name . . .	Art teacher . . .	Talking
Virginia Bussell . . .	Straight hair . . .	English teacher . . .	Being student leader
Eileen Cunha . . .	Pianos . . .	Play in the Philharmonic Orchestra . . .	Playing jazz
Richard Dinneford . . .	Running errands . . .	Get through high school . . .	Playing baseball
Carletta Ehat . . .	Bugs . . .	Scientist . . .	Examining bugs
Douglas Forde . . .	Freckles and red hair . . .	Latin scholar . . .	Playing handball
George Gerasimoff . . .	Tale of Two Cities . . .	Opera singer . . .	Singing
Louis Giamboni . . .	Curly hair . . .	Lawyer . . .	Doing Latin
Harry Gualco . . .	Everything . . .	Shakespearean actor . . .	Disobeying
Tynne Halmetoja . . .	Silence . . .	Art teacher . . .	Drawing
Evelyn Hosmer . . .	Talking to Miss Riley . . .	Artist . . .	Dancing
Ruth Jones . . .	Delbert Jones . . .	Wear red . . .	Delbert Jones
Fred Kidder . . .	Latin . . .	Professor . . .	Chewing gum in Latin
Rosemary Langheldt . . .	Band . . .	Social worker . . .	Gossiping with Mary Lou
Olive League . . .	English . . .	Spanish teacher . . .	Driving a car
David Manbey . . .	Name of Tidy . . .	Star in Latin . . .	Flirting with nurses
Reid Macdonald . . .	Girls . . .	Head of Boy Scouts . . .	Running for offices
Eleanor McCleer . . .	Books . . .	Ride a bike to school . . .	Working jigsaw puzzles
Phil McGuire . . .	Detention . . .	Unlimited quantity of knowledge . . .	Working for Miss Arendt
Alfred Myatt . . .	Jazz . . .	World-known pianist . . .	Playing piano
Alan Raftery . . .	Chewing gum . . .	Prize-fighter . . .	Dreaming
Lucille Rehker . . .	Doing Algebra . . .	Gym teacher . . .	Talking
Wilbur Rogers . . .	Shakespearean athlete . . .	Bax Baer II . . .	Cruising
Jennie Roletto . . .	Athletics . . .	Miss Stout's successor . . .	Playing Basketball
Bill Ryan . . .	Lipstick . . .	Preacher . . .	Acting
Georgia Saxton . . .	School . . .	Hopeless . . .	Chair Balancer
Mildred Shore . . .	Dry books . . .	Jack Brodrick . . .	Crooning
Dorothy Smith . . .	Her sister . . .	Dancing teacher . . .	Tap dancing
Gayle Smith . . .	Her sister . . .	Life saver . . .	Tap dancing
Dean Stone . . .	Handling Money . . .	Audrey Ellis . . .	Drawing Audrey's picture
Jane Summers . . .	Mona Lowe . . .	Night club dancer . . .	Doing the "Hot Cha"
Sylvia Tackle . . .	Hospitals . . .	Nurse . . .	Waving hair
Betty Tisserand . . .	History . . .	Student leader . . .	Reading
Fred Wood . . .	Rouge . . .	Evelyn Hosmer . . .	Day dreaming

MISS RILEY'S ADVISORY

Mary Lou Bailey . . .	Boys . . .	Dick Loomis . . .	Piano playing
Engene Benjamin . . .	French . . .	Shakespeare player . . .	Sleeping
Lueder Cattermole . . .	To have his hair combed . . .	Second George Raft . . .	To get better acquainted with Dorothy Smith
Jane De Roy . . .	Bradner Roberts . . .	To be a school secretary . . .	Copying Mary Lou Bailey's French paper

NAME	HATE	HOPE	HOBBY
Jacqueline Duckett . . .	Music	Know more Spanish than Miss Whitney . . .	Playing "Fiddle"
Herbert Flynn	Francis Gray for liking Wilma Wieder . . .	To get an "A" . . .	Teachers' pet
Francis Gray	The girls	Wilma Wieder	Poser
Earldean Henderson . .	Being called Slim . . .	Champion bicycle rider . .	Catching flies
William Hunrick . . .	Algebra	To be a good dancer . . .	Stamp collecting
Helen Ingraham	Eating eggs	To be an heiress	Dodging spit balls
Stanley Innes	To be annoyed	To run a library	Gettin' angry
Ann Jepsen	Business pro	To get thin	Eating beans
Wilfred Kincaid	School	General Proff	Trying to persuade Elaine West to go to a show
Beverly Knudsen	Spinach	Francis Gray	Dishing out food
Hal Lehman	Skating	Helen Ingraham	Teasing Wilfred
Alfred Mabey	Being drill captain . . .	To be a man	To break desks
Charles Maker	To be among boys . . .	Become a lady	Eating apples
Robert Mallary	Art	Orchestra leader	Riding on box cars
Robert Meaker	Sitting around the girls .	Modeler of airplanes . .	Being tardy
Max Muller	Miss Laurens	French teacher	Laughing
John Owen	Being teased	An explorer	Disturbing the peace
Clifford Renouf	To be called Bob	Mary Rieber	Polishing Cars
Mary Rieber	Lipstick	Famous scientist	Bugs!
Bradner Roberts	The Scott crowd	Dawn Warner	Making love to Barbara McSwain
Patricia Rushton	Dick Loomis	To catch Miss Riley chewing gum	Gum
Marcia Scobey	Egg plant	Don McCormick	Chewing gum
Marian Scott	Bob Rushforth	Dancing teacher	Flirting
John Steiner	Homework	Jacqueline Duckett . . .	Pulling Sidney Rose home on skates
Margaret Stratton	Algebra	Jerry Carpenter	Talking
Earl Sykes	Music	Second Tony Sarg	Marionettes
Rowena Tregea	Frank Mero	To get tall	Bothering the boys
Dawn Warner	Keith Sullivan	To get "fat"	Late to classes
Doris Wilton	Broccoli	Designer	Sewing
Cornelia Wood	Lee Merrit	Society	Borrowing money
Vernon Wood	Miss Riley	To be a band master . . .	To be Miss Riley's pet
Jack Weyand	Iva Dee Hiatt	To down it	Eating Birds' soup

MISS MARTIN'S ADVISORY

Marvis Campbell	Eddie Alloo	Grand opera star	Singing
Eleanor Carlton	Basketball	Typist	Chewing gum
Bernice Christensen . . .	Silence	Secretary	Reading
Harriet Ellis	Men	Bob	Smiling at the boys
Hamden Forkner	Curly hair	Barbara Campbell	French
Peggy Gabbert	Short hair	Dress maker	Studying
Jane Gazzale	Brunette	Francis Gray	Looking for Francis Gray
Tom Gillick	Women	An actor	Chasing butterflies
James Gray	G. S. A.	Get through Garfield . .	Hating the girls
Doris Griffiths	Rosemary Alexander's singing	Secretary	Singing
Jean Hamilton	Boys	Style designer	Putting her gum away
Geraldine Hollar	School	A nurse	Talking
Carlyle Inger	Lip-stick girls	Lip-stick manufacturer .	Walking home with Nell Van Vechten
Delbert Jones	Ruth Jones	Helen Arnold	Chasing girls
Bob Lamborn	Red hair	Latin teacher	Acting
June Lawton	Her brother	A second	Dieting
		Jimmy Wood	
Dick Loomis	Society	Mary Lou Bailey	Fitting new boots on baby kittens
Don McCormick	Singing	Barbara Libbey	Making pajamas for angle worms
Allyn Martin	Algebra	Agent	Fishing
Allyn Metzler	Saxophone	Gold Digger	Picking wild flowers
Andrew Meyer	Tall people	Fuller brush man	Speaking French
Peter Morton	Krazy people	A school teacher	Late for school
Irvin Muratore	When school is out . . .	Lawyer	Making fun

NAME	HATE	HOPE	HOBBY
James Owen	Nuts	Boot Black	Making faces for clock makers
Miriam Parsons . . .	Comic section of the daily paper	Stanley Ward	Doing algebra
Carol Richards . . .	Lip-stick	Wife of a millionaire .	Studying stars
Bernard Siefker . . .	Mary Lou Bailey . . .	Tarzan	Blushing
Betty Stearns	Lip-stick	Street cleaner's wife .	High School boys
Charles Stewart . . .	Cod-liver oil	Second Floyd Gibbons .	Staring
Bertine Stout	Chewing gum	Basketball champ . . .	Talking and yelling
Keith Sullivan	Bicycle	Street cleaner	Making paper dolls
Walter Swedberg . . .	Telephone book	Jimmy Wood	Getting the car (and drawing cars)
Rosalvn Tully	Boys	Kate Smith	Laughing
Barbara Wentz	Spinach	Tennis champ	Crocheting
Bert Wyles	Pretty eyes	Molly Moser	Visiting Mrs. O'Neill

MRS. ARCHER'S ADVISORY

Stanley Abbott	Smoking	No school	Being tardy
Rosemma Ahlborn . . .	Basketball	Dean Hendrickson . . .	Digging worms
Betty Allen	Curly hair	Tennis champion	Sitting on tacks
Winifred Brosie	Margaret Ramsay . . .	A certain Arthur Jilson .	Looking at Harry McElroy
Grace Bullock	Food	To take Wilfred from Elaine	Roaming in halls
Daniel Camp	Women	Trip to South Seas . . .	To be world's greatest orator
Ethel Carlson	Punctuality	Armand White	Making eyes
Bertel Challgren . . .	Swimming	To be captain	Rowing a boat
Eileen Collins	Baseball	Ballet dancer	Painting
Robert Davidson	Teachers	Rosemary Garrett	Passing notes
John Deal	English	Member of president's cabinet	Stamp collecting
Noel Dill	Kid brothers	Billy Curtis	Causing trouble
Kira Evans	John Deal	To teach French	Chasing boys
Marjorie Fontaine . . .	Lipstick	To be Mrs. F. D.	Talking to herself
Denelda Ford	Algebra	To be Miss Stout II . . .	Eating candy
George Forde	Piano players	To be a crystal gazer . .	Gazing at Ethel
Elmer Goodson	Books	To be national Red Cross representative .	Wiping dishes for the girl friends
Tom Hartwell	Rules	Marian Scott	Thinking of days gone by
Dean Hendrickson . . .	Movie magazines . . .	To be a policeman . . .	Fooing Viola K.
James Hewitt	Singing	To get out of A Cappella	Talking back to Mrs. Smith
Dorothy Kelner	Mystery stories	To have an answer book .	She won't tell
Viola Klingbeil	Her name	To marry a millionaire .	Sewing doll clothes
Stanford Locke	So many admirers . . .	To be a big business man .	Cooking
Betty McCabe	Working in the office .	To be a hat-check girl .	Doing French out of a Latin book
Harry McElroy	Trumpet	Jean Hamilton	Avoiding advisory
Albert Potter	These questions	Motion picture producer	Shooting beans
Nadja Prosor	America	To hook Fred Kidder . .	Cutting out paper dolls
Margaret Ramsey	Everything but "him" .	Sammy Donahue	Thowing paper wads
Virginia Reed	Broken mirrors	Whole mirrors	Looking in mirrors
Eloise Hollingsworth .	Law and order	To be first lady of the land	Roasting Marshmallows
Margaret Rohrer	Poetry	To bake one good cake .	Collecting P. T. A. returns
Patricia Smith	Violin	No telling	Collecting dandelions
Armand White	Stage performances . .	Some beautiful young lady	Making love to himself
Bernard Woolf	Studying	To be Metropolitan Opera star	Playing with dolls
Howard Wright	Being babied	To grow up	Trying to act coy
Barbara Zeile	Jig-saw puzzles	More lipstick	Flirting
Frank Frohnhoefer . . .	Earthquakes	To go home	Jumping in dry lakes



GLEANER STAFF

SPRING TERM, 1933

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Assistants—Chandler Young, Kenneth Owen, Molly Moser, Mildred Plummer, Carolyn Don, Dorothy Ayer, Shirle Bass.

ART EDITOR—DEAN STONE

Assistants—Mildred Shore, Walter Swedberg, Bill Brock, Horace Pratt.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Tom Banning, Denelda Forde, Rosemary Alexander, Jack Weyand, John Steiner.

GLEANER BOOSTERS

Dorothy Jansson, Charles Mulock, Murial Lucas, Barbara Todd, Louise Waterbury, Estelle Barker, Martha Jane Webb, Harold Sullivan, Susan Marx, Jean Frey, Betty Hoyt, Bob Somers, Kenneth Street, Jo Gunning, Gordon Morris, Ted Dietrich, Norman Sloane, Betty Jane Elster, Elizabeth Collins, John Scott, Merritt Martin, Kirby Penn, Marvin McCray, Webster Winans, John Jahn, Robert Ward, Shirle Bass, Bill Brock, Ilena Koskinen, Daniel Camp, Robert Stone, David Manbey, Walter Swedberg, Fred Cordes, Hal Lehman.

ART STAFF

The cover for the Gleaner was designed by Dean Stone. The designs on the dedication page and throughout the book were designed and cut by James Hewitt, Robert Renouf, Alfred Myatt, Mildred Shore, and Dean Stone. The school calendar cartoons and joke illustrations were made by Bill Brock and Bob Mallary.

EDITORIAL

We are living in a time of great changes. Civilization has been more pushed and tried in the last ten years than in any previous score of years. We can liken civilization to an automobile on the road of progress. For years this car has been carrying a reckless crowd of selfish pleasure seekers going at such a high speed that they have all but wrecked the engine. At the top of the hill they found themselves with the brakes burned out and everyone grasping at the wheel trying to keep the car from going over an embankment to destruction. Now one man is at the wheel. He has begun to repair the engine and is working on the brakes. Soon we may continue our journey safely and sanely.

Such a condition as that from which we are just recovering, we certainly don't want again. Therefore, we who in the next twenty years will be the leaders, must prepare ourselves. We have our education but we also need to be able to apply it to outside things. We must know how to adapt ourselves to circumstances; we must be alert and cheerful. We must be trustworthy and thrifty. We must be hard workers and hard players.

If we possess these qualities, we can prevent another disaster and keep the car of civilization on the direct road to progress.

FREDERICK E. KIDDER, *Editor.*

GLEANER ACTIVITIES

On St. Patrick's Day a dance was given in the gym. It was the first benefit program given for the Gleaner. The jazz orchestra played and the dance started with a grand march. Three prizes were given away to the couples holding the lucky numbers.

On March 25 "Congorilla" was presented, a picture taken by Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson during their travels in Africa, and was greatly enjoyed by all who attended.

Beautifully engraved pictures of *Old Ironsides* were sold at an extremely low price during the period of the ship's visit here.

Shortly after a Gleaner skit was given by a few members of the staff for the purpose of urging the students to coöperate in the making of the Gleaner.

GAYLE SMITH, *High Nine.*



THE HIGH NINE HONOR SOCIETY

An unusually large number of the members of the graduating class this term are members of the Honor Society. The total number of High Nines in the Honor Society is seventy-five. Of these twenty-seven have been members for five semesters, as long as they have been eligible; ten have been members for four semesters. A number of those who have been in the Honor Society for less than four semesters entered Garfield after completing part of their junior high school course elsewhere.

FIVE STAR GROUP

Mary Lou Bailey, Grace Bullock, Ethel Carlson, Bernice Christensen, Jane De Roy, Lucile Dickson, Jacqueline Duckett, Dick Hemp, Iva Dee Hiatt, Wallace Holt, Ruth Jones, Frederick Kidder, Wilfred Kincaid, David Manbey, Andrew Meyer, Eleanor McCleer, Miriam Parsons, Alan Raftery, Carol Richards, Alva Rosedale, Marcia Scobey, Dorothy Smith, Gayle Smith, Rowena Tregea, Elaine West, Margaret Wingate, Fred Wood.

FOUR STAR GROUP

Fred Cordes, Denelda Ford, Douglas Forde, Evelyn Hosmer, Barbara Libbey, Jean Mallary, John Montgomery, Wilbur Rogers, Mildred Shore, Betty Stearns.

ONE, TWO, AND THREE STAR GROUP

Tom Adams, Tom Banning, Edith Boissonnault, Loren Caffee, Marvis Campbell, Bill Curtis, John Deal, Noel Dill, Harriet Ellis, Ruth Elliott, Mary Ensign, James Gray, Jean Hamilton, Warren Hink, Stanley Innes, Ann Jepsen, Ada Ruth Johnson, Beverly Knudsen, Robert Lamborn, June Lawton, Olive League, Reid Macdonald, Wallace Macfarlane, Ardelle McElhaney, Barbara McSwain, Max Muller, Thelma Murphy, Mary Owen, Mary Rieber, Bradner Roberts, Margaret Rohrer, Robert Rushforth, Morgan Saylor, Walter Swedberg, Earl Sykes, Nelle Van Vechten, Barbara Wentz, George West.

MARGARET WINGATE, *High Nine*.



HIGH NINE HONOR SOCIETY BANQUET

The annual Honor Society Banquet was held in the cafeteria on the evening of May 3. The decorations furnished by the committee were very appropriate to the occasion. A delicious chicken dinner was served to nearly two hundred and eighty persons, including parents, teachers, alumni, and students.

The tenth birthday of the Garfield Honor Society was celebrated with a cake decorated with ten candles. Each of the former Honor Society presidents who was able to be present lighted a candle.

After dinner came a most interesting program. Several of the prominent Garfield alumni gave speeches. Among these was Kenneth May, who recently won a scholarship in the freshman class of the University. Louise Ann King read the speech of Betty Jane Caldwell, who was

unable to be present, and Hortense Jones gave a most entertaining monologue entitled "On the Street Car." There were also numbers by some of our own schoolmates.

As the closing number, a special broadcast was presented for our entertainment over station GOOF. Aunt Bella answered many of the perplexing questions of the students in a very helpful manner. The voice of Aunt Bella sounded strangely like that of Mr. Hennessey, which seemed peculiar as the students who did not get good grades were advised to practice up on the art of apple polishing, but possibly that was meant for the ears of the alumni only.

The evening ended with dancing to the tunes of our jazz orchestra.

MARGARET WINGATE, *High Nine*.

P. T. A. AND DAD'S CLUB

Garfield Parent Teacher Association is closing a very successful year. They have two hundred ninety-five members, the largest membership of any like organization in Berkeley. There have been good programs for all meetings, with good speakers and many numbers by students, also two evening meetings when "fathers" were honored.

The annual card party, a big success, added about \$98 to the child welfare funds.

The P. T. A. has sponsored a first aid class, a parental education group and a mothers' choral.

The officers for this term are: President, Mrs. M. E. Morrison; Vice-President, Mrs. William J. Holland; Recording Secretary, Mrs. E. D. Holly; Financial Secretary, Mrs. Dennis Horgan; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. A. S. Hofmeister; Treasurer, Mrs. Fred C. Scobey; Historian, Mrs. John R. McKee; Parliamentarian, Mrs. Earl W. Wagy; Auditor, Mrs. S. C. Wood.

ISABEL MORRISON, *High Eight*.

The companion organization, the Garfield Dads' Club, is one of the finest clubs of its kind in Berkeley. The officers for this term are: President, Mr. A. C. A. Sandner; Vice-President, Mr. C. A. Ray; Secretary, Mr. P. S. Williams; Treasurer, Mr. Walter Cunha.

This year's annual operetta, "The Vagabonds," was given before two large audiences and helped pay off nearly all the bleacher debt.

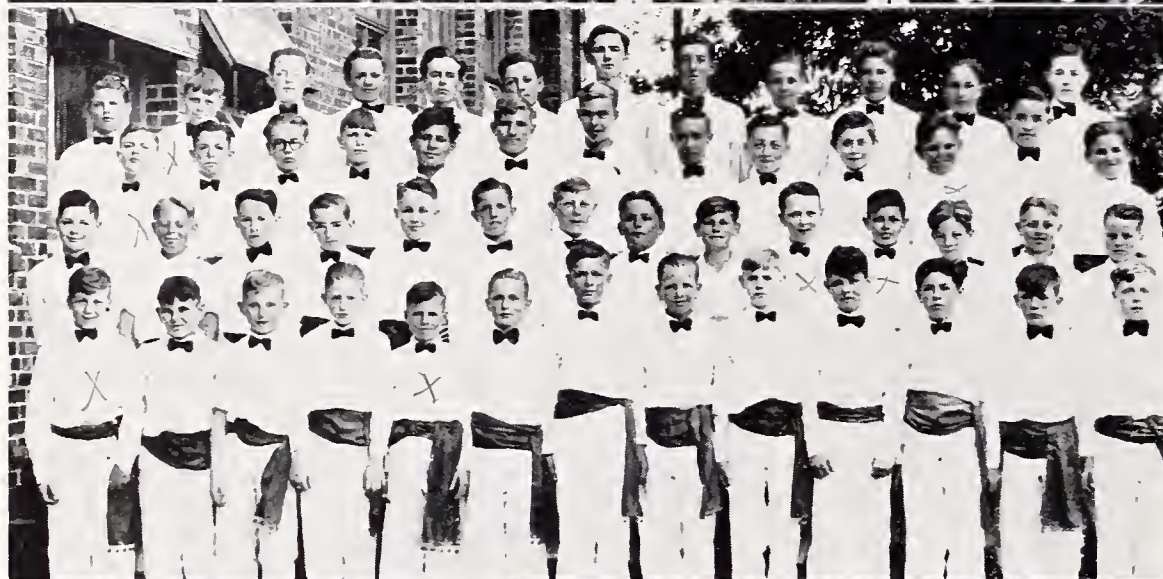
FREDERICK KIDDER, *High Nine*.

THE GLEE CLUBS

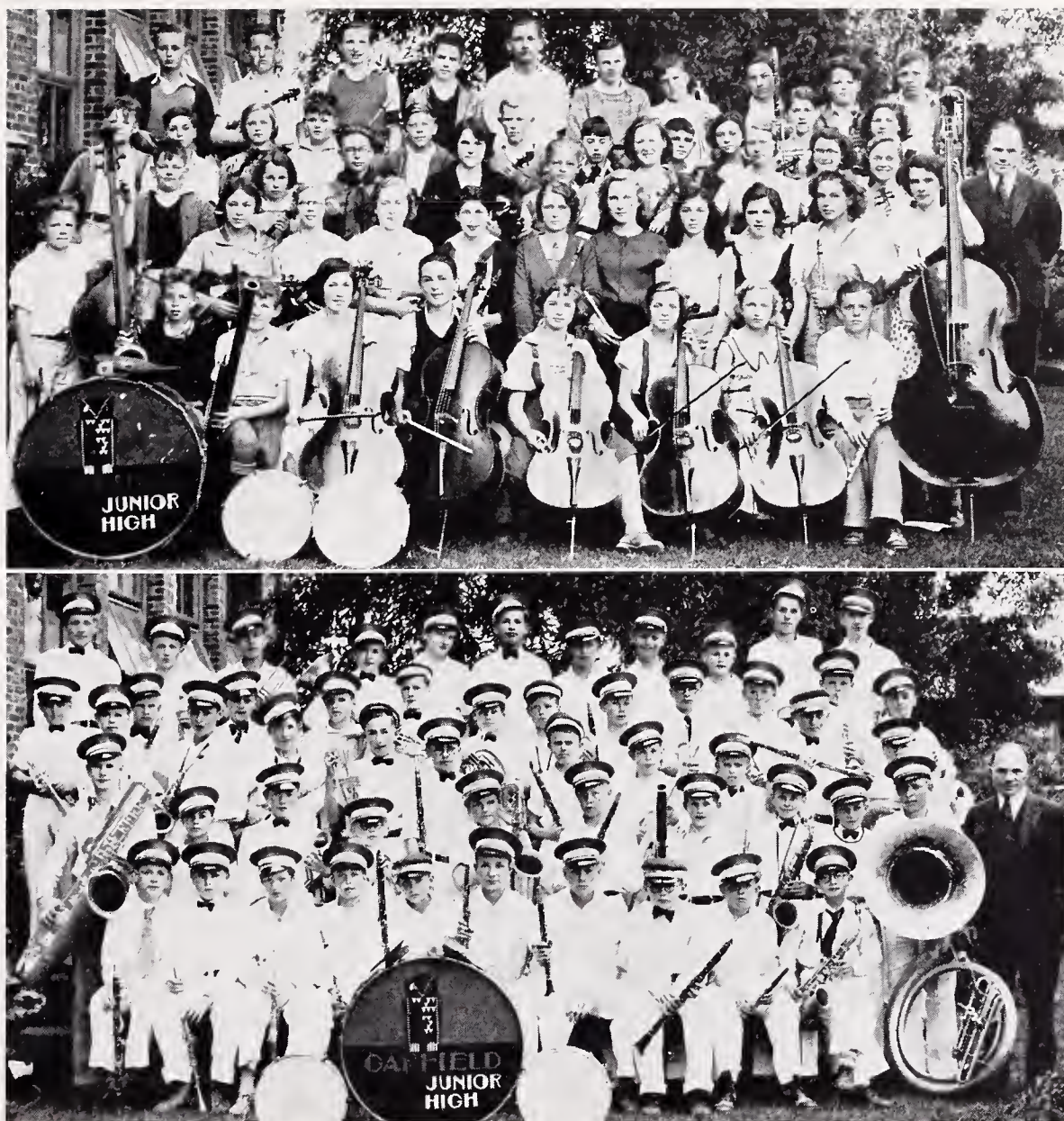
At Garfield we have three vocal organizations, the Boys' Glee led by Mrs. Dorah O'Neill, the Girls' Glee, led by Miss Posey, and the A Cappella choir of mixed voices led by Mrs. Iva Smith. These organizations besides singing at school, sing at church entertainments and for service clubs.

For the first time this year the three glee clubs combined, sang two selections, "Old Ironsides" and "The Stars and Stripes Forever," during Public Schools Week. In the final performance they were accompanied by the school orchestra.

RUTH JONES, *High Nine*.



THE GLEE CLUBS AND A CAPPELLA CHOIR



THE BAND AND ORCHESTRA

Garfield progressed in many things this term. The musical groups have made a special effort.

A special activity this semester for the orchestra was the open-house night at Garfield on Wednesday evening, April 26. This performance was enjoyed and commented on by many appreciative parents. On Friday afternoon, April 28, the Garfield Orchestra accompanied the A Cappella, the Girls' and Boys' Glee Clubs. This was attended by the school.

The band performed for Cragmont. The concert was applauded with great enthusiasm by the pupils. The band also gave a program on open-house night.

The band and orchestra should be congratulated on their excellent work under the supervision of our able leader, Mr. Minzyk.

MARCIA SCOBAY, *High Nine.*

George T. Howard

Rebe

Connie



JUNIOR TRAFFIC SQUAD

The Junior Traffic Squad at Garfield is divided into two divisions of twelve men each, each division serving a half semester.

The traffic squads all over Berkeley are to be commended for their fine service. Only two accidents have occurred while the squads were on duty since their founding.

Each Wednesday the squad is drilled by a student of the R. O. T. C. at the University of California for the semi-annual review.

The boys in the squad this term are:

Sergeants—Sidney Rose, Delbert Jones, Albert Potter.

1st Corporals—James Owen, Richard Dinneford, Earl Ekyes, and Stanley Ward.

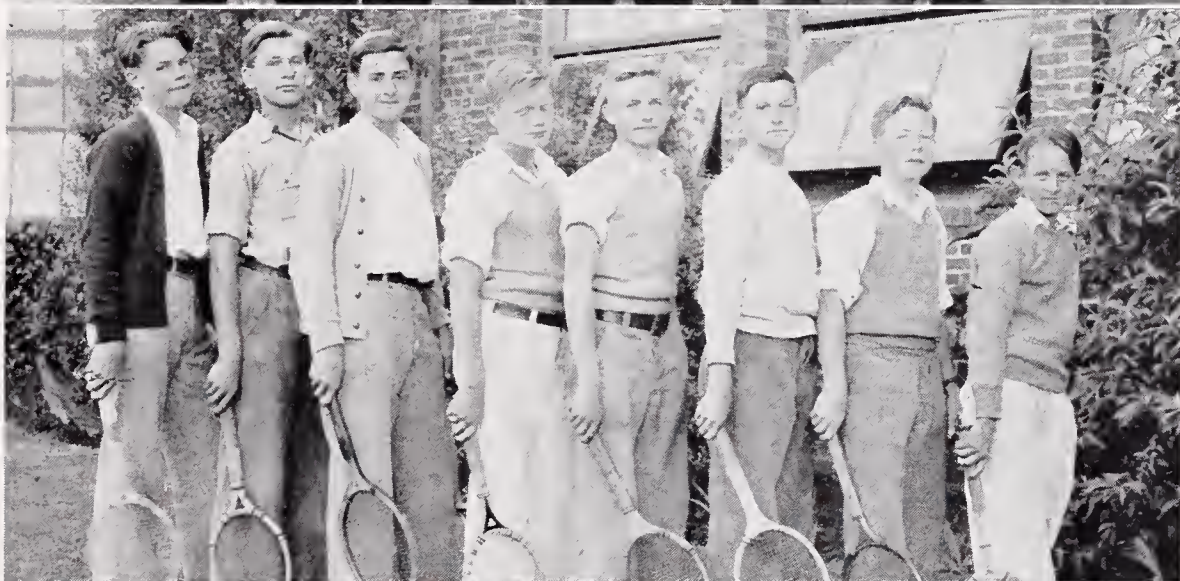
2nd Corporals—George Scott, Melvin Evans, Tom Kelley and Max Müller.

1st Officers—Langley Connor, Robert Ford, Morris Bruce and Paul Brown.

2nd Officers—George Agee, Richard Kight and Gerald Nelson.

Substitutes—Edward Smith, Louis Horton, John Newton, nad Griffith Borgesen.

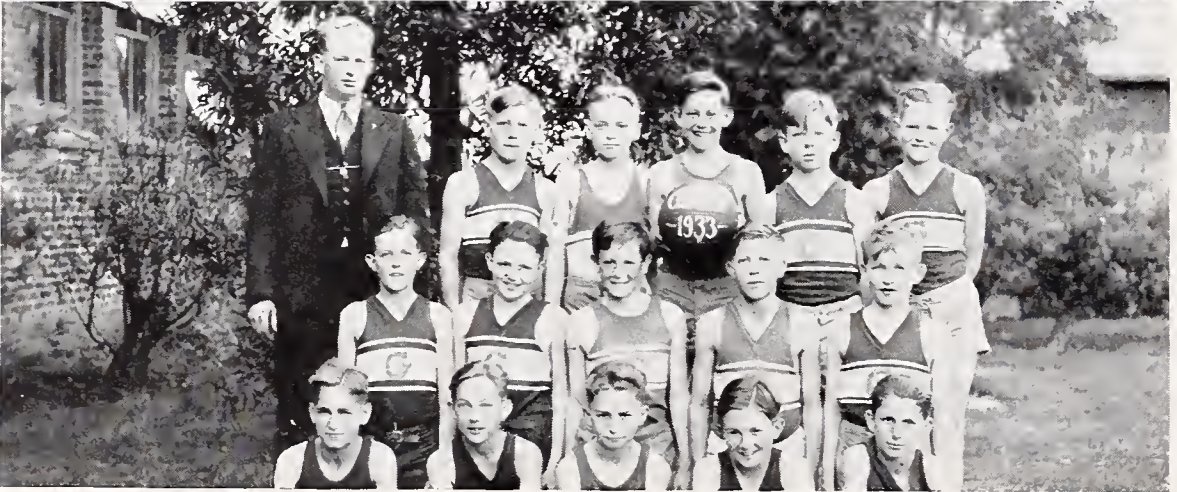
PHILIP TAYLOR, JR., *High Seven.*



NOON LEAGUE GAMES

During this term many pupils have been playing in noon leagues. They play at noon to beat their fellow classmates and win the numerals that are given to the successful team. They have been playing captain-ball, batball, kickball, volleyball, basketball, and baseball. These games are enjoyed by all.

DENELDA FORD, *High Nine*.



THE GARFIELD TENNIS TEAMS

The Garfield tennis teams are composed of fourteen members—seven boys and seven girls.

The boys' teams play in three leagues: the Contra Costa League, the Richmond League, and the Berkeley League. The girls play in the Berkeley League only.

The tennis match consists of three singles and two doubles.

For winning the Berkeley match the Garfield players receive G's.

Ever since Garfield has had a tennis team we have won the Berkeley match, except in 1931.

BETTY McCABE, *High Nine*.



BOY SCOUTS IN GARFIELD

Garfield is lucky to have so many Scouts. Altogether there are about 265 Scouts who are enrolled at Garfield this semester. Every school morning at eight o'clock, one of the respective troops represented here raises the flag. The troops which took part in the color detail this semester are: 4, 18, 19, 22, 23, 24, 28, 30, 32, 35, and 40. The school enjoys this ceremony best when a bugler is present, but that does not happen very often, due to the fact that most troop buglers go to high school now. The Scouts had a National Boy Scout week this semester in which each Scout wore his uniform. On Lincoln's Birthday 140 Scouts attended the flag raising ceremony in uniform. At different programs this year the Scouts have ushered and in National Boy Scout Week they acted as student leaders in the halls. The Scouts also were called upon by the Berkeley Police Department to help in a traffic survey of Shattuck Avenue.

GEORGE FORDE, *High Nine*.



GARFIELD'S TEAMS

Garfield wins again.

As usual, Garfield has brought in several championships, winning the city league in basketball and baseball.

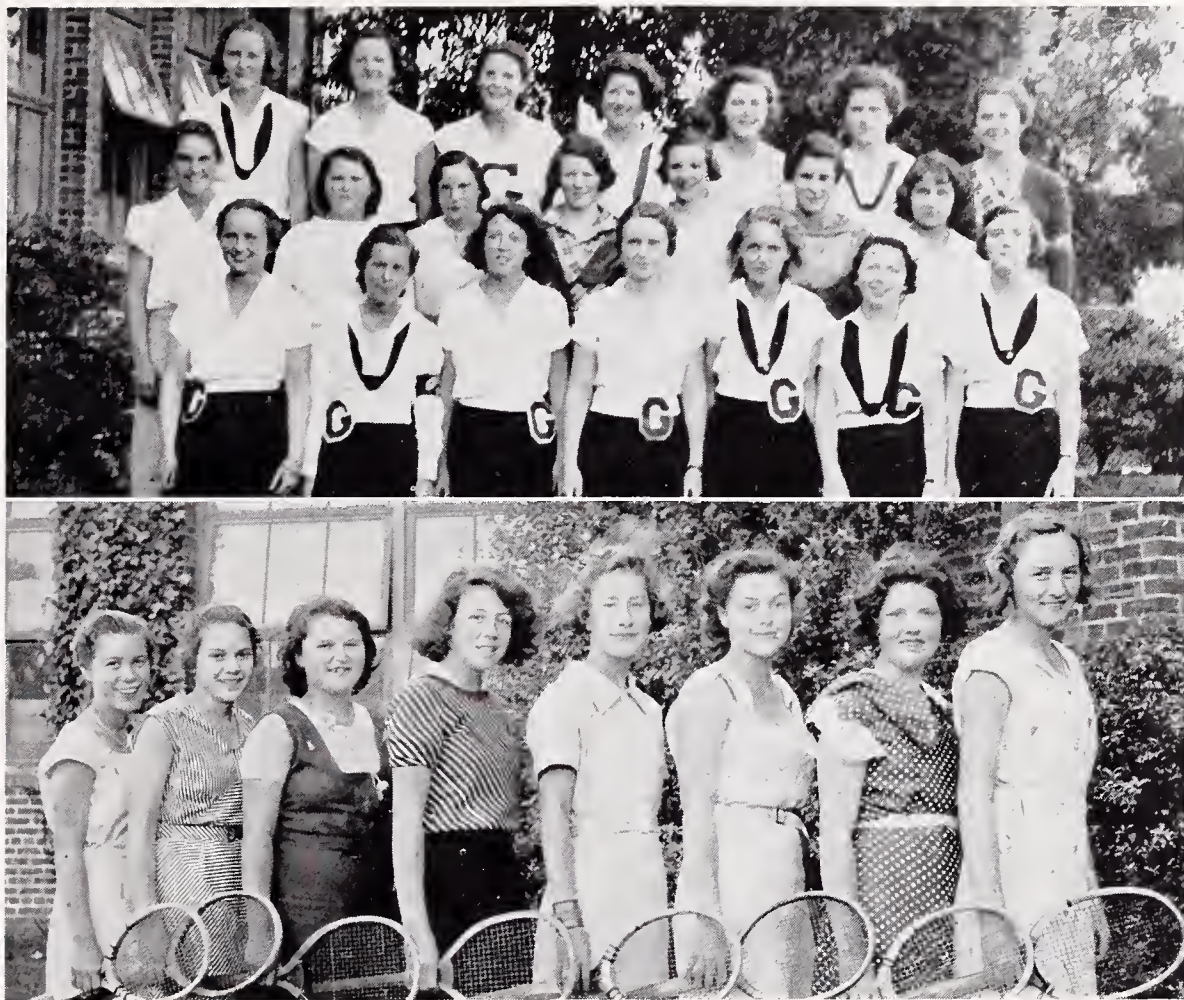
The four basketball teams at the beginning of the term were composed of mostly raw material. But under the coaching of "Pete" Corley and "Whitey" Nealson they won the city championship for the second consecutive year and for the first time won a game from Vallejo.

The baseball team won their first championship since 1925, which was good news for everyone.

The track, tennis, and handball teams have started the season well and we all hope that they will be added to the growing list of Garfield champions.

REID MACDONALD, *High Nine*.





THE GIRL'S BLOCK "G" SOCIETY

This society is composed of only ninth grade girls who have won a block "G" from one of their games.

A meeting is held every other Friday. The girls pay dues of five cents each time they attend.

They have a president, a vice-president, a secretary and a treasurer. Eileen Collins is the well-known president. Rosemma Ahlborn holds the office of vice-president. Barbara Wentz is head of the combined office of secretary and treasurer. This society has been quite a success.



THE GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAMS

This term the girls won the basketball championship of Berkeley. The 115 lb. and 95 lb. teams won all of their games, while the unlimited tied one game and won two others. The 105 lb. team tied one game and lost the others. The captains were: the unlimited, Lucille Rehker; the 115 lb., Eileen Collins; the 105 lb., Rosemma Ahlborn, and the 95 lb., Wilma Wieder. We congratulate the captains and the players on their good sportsmanship.

DENELDA FORD, *High Nine*.



LINCOLN AS I KNEW HIM

(BASED ON A LECTURE BY F. E. BLAKESLEE)

Sunday evening I had the pleasure of hearing "Lincoln as I Knew Him," a lecture given by Dr. Francis Blakeslee, a personal friend of Abraham Lincoln. It was wonderful to hear this 87-year-old man tell of his experiences in contact with the Great Emancipator.

Dr. Blakeslee was standing on the White House lawn when Lincoln made his last speech the Sunday before his saddening death. He was near Booth when he said, "This is the last speech he'll ever make." The conspirators had at first planned to abduct Lincoln but upon hearing this speech Booth resolved to kill him.

Dr. Blakeslee told how Everett, the great orator, who gave the formal two-hour address at Gettysburg, said at the end, "Mr. Lincoln, if I could have directed my issue in my two and a half hours as you did in two and a half minutes I should indeed be a happy man." Lincoln had been asked to make a "few remarks." His "few remarks" have gone down in history as one of the greatest speeches ever made.

Also Dr. Blakeslee told of an incident in the Lincoln Hospital in Washington. Mr. Lincoln had been visiting wounded men and was leaving when someone told him a Confederate boy whom he did not know wished to see him. Abe went to the cot and as the boy saw him he said, "I knew they were mistaken." For his mind had been filled with illusions that "Abe" was an ugly and mean fellow.

Lincoln stayed with this dying Confederate boy who was without friends in the North, till he went through the gate at the end of the road. So human was Lincoln. Dr. Blakeslee told of the incident when Lincoln went to Richmond the day after it had been evacuated, and went to the home of General Pickett, the rebel commander. Everyone had fled, but his wife opened the door and said, "Oh! the President!" "No," he said, "just an old friend of George's."

"This is George's baby," she said, and as the little one put out its arms and kissed Abe, Lincoln said, "Tell General Pickett everything is forgiven in this kiss."

Dr. Blakeslee was one of the last to see him, in the Navy Yard the afternoon before his death. When on his death bed the family and friends saw the greatest lamp in history go out, Colonel Stanton said, "Now he belongs to the ages." No longer a man, but immortal in the hearts of the American people forever.

I felt greatly honored to shake the fine old hand that had shaken Lincoln's so many times. After the service I went up and listened to the old veterans talk to him and tell their experiences.

The lecture was a moral education in itself and I hope that many may hear this man tell the story of Lincoln and get as much out of it as I did.

God bless all the old veterans who are living today for their share in helping to preserve the nation.

HARRY McELROY, *High Nine*.



DRAMATICS AT GARFIELD

In the spring term there has been a great interest in dramatics. Early in March a group of High 9's under Mrs. Dyson's direction presented "As You Like It."

Later another group under the direction of Mrs. Schwimley gave "Twelfth Night."

These productions were followed by "Midsummer Night's Dream," which was played by a group of High 9's under the direction of Mrs. Kilkenny.

The last of the Shakespeare plays was "Taming of the Shrew," given under the direction of Mrs. Archer by another High 9 class.

"Three Pills in a Bottle," a story of a sick girl in a New York tenement house, was presented by a group of Low 9's under Mrs. Schwimley's direction early in March.

Under the direction of Miss Hamsher, the High 8 grade put on a Longfellow program in February. The program was composed of tableaux from several of his poems.

Two scenes, "Martha Washington's Tea Party" and "A Colonial Ball," were presented by the Low 8's for Washington's Birthday.

A program was given by the 7th grade to celebrate Lincoln's Birthday.

A play, "Graduation Day at Woodhill School," was played in May by Mrs. Piatt's High 8 advisory.

"Station Cloudville," an operetta, was given by a group of High 7's under the supervision of Miss Mossman.

FRED WOOD, *High Nine*.

SAN FRANCISCO

San Francisco es una ciudad en el Pacífico en California. Es el centro comercial de California. Está situada en una península con el Pacífico a un lado y la Bahía de San Francisco al otro.

Hay muchos teatros, un nuevo teatro de la ópera, un banco, una Casa de Ayuntamiento, y otros edificios importantes. El cuatro chino es una de las partes curiosas de la ciudad. Tiene templos para ídolos chinos, teatros, y fumaderos de opio, y tiene una población de quince mil. Una de las interesantes reliquias históricas es la iglesia anciana de la misión Dolores, construída de adobe en 1778.

El dieciocho de abril, 1906, hubo un terremoto terrible que causó fuegos grandes y destruyó la mayor parte de la ciudad de San Francisco y muchos pueblos vecinales; pero al fin del año muchas calles y muchos edificios en la ciudad habían sido reconstruídos.

El Parque de la Puerta de Oro tiene mil cincuenta acres. Tiene un parque de diversión, dos museos, un acuario, un jardín zoológico, y otras casas interesantes.

ROBERT CONNELL, *High Eight*.

THE LATIN CLUB OF ROOM 39

Our Latin Club was formed during the middle of March, for the purpose of learning interesting things about Rome, the Roman people, and the Latin language.

The officers elected were: President, Patricia Parrish; Secretary, Sheila Chandler; Board of Directors, Norman Sloane, Ian Wishart, Chester Berggren. The board of directors plan the programs to be presented each Friday.

Each pupil keeps a notebook in which are copied Latin phrases, and poems. A prize will be given for the best notebook.

We owe much of our good times on Friday to the valuable aid and suggestions rendered by Miss Grover.

MARJORIE ROEHM, *Low Eight*.

THE NURSE'S DEPARTMENT

Miss Foster reports a very favorable term for health. Although there was a considerable amount of influenza and colds the first part of the term, the latter part has been marked by no serious epidemics. Communicable disease has been at a minimum.

The general physical examinations this semester have indicated few defects, although near-sightedness seems to be rather frequent. The coöperation of parents has been fine.

Miss Foster wishes to thank heartily Allyn Martin and Olive League, who have proved able assistants in the nursing department.

WILFRED KINCAID, *High Nine*.

THE DEBT

"Hello, Bob!" exclaimed George Tarrel.

"Hello, George," replied Bob Jennings.

This meeting occurred one Monday afternoon as the boys were walking home from school. For some time they conversed. Suddenly Bob noticed a toy car in a store window.

"That sure is a nice-looking car," he muttered, "and only a dime. I wish—say, George, you don't happen to have a dime on you anywhere, do you? You might lend it to me."

George produced ten cents, and the deal was concluded. Bob knew his mother wouldn't like his borrowing money, but he was going to receive his weekly allowance the next day, and he knew he could pay back the money then.

The boys parted, and each went his own way. When George arrived at his home, he was surprised to find his patrol leader there.

"Hello, George," said the patrol leader. "I was passing this way and dropped in to remind you that if you don't pay your dues by the day after tomorrow you'll be fined."

"That's all right," replied George. "I have the money—oh, that's right, I loaned it to Bob Jennings. Couldn't you give me the money, Mother?"

"Sorry, George," responded his mother, "but it's a bank holiday and I haven't any spare cash."

"Oh, well," mused George, "I can get the money from Bob Jennings."

Meanwhile Bob had also reached home. He secreted the toy car in his room, but coming downstairs, he was so clumsy as to drop a glass, shattering it to fragments. His mother told him to clean up the mess, and then horrified him by saying, "I'm going to cut off your allowance tomorrow and use it to replace that glass."

The next day George demanded his money back, and did not, of course, receive it. Another time he might have been more lenient, but, having no desire to pay a fine, he announced his intention of paying Bob a visit.

Bob realized that he would get into trouble if his mother found out about the debt, but the fine was uppermost in George's mind, and he was unmoved by Bob's pleadings.



That afternoon Bob went home, dreading the consequences of George's visit. Suddenly he noticed George walking slowly down the street. Nearer and nearer he came. Now he was on the next block, now he was crossing the street, now he was opposite the next house.

At that moment Bob felt a tap on his shoulder. It was his friend Jack Wilson.

"Say, Bob," said Jack, "I just remembered I hadn't paid you for that ball you sold me last week. Here's the dime."

Bob thanked him with a sigh of relief. He was saved!

WILFRED KINCAID, *High Nine*.

OVERHEARD

"There just ain't no justice in this here world," snorted an exceedingly large pink elephant. "Muga, Jumbo, Rollo and I was just playin' around here havin' a good time. Then the purple cow, over yon, was a'lookin' sorta lonesome like and we asked her to join us. A-a-and then it happened," he ended, drawing from his pocket a large green handkerchief. He began to shake with a series of convulsive sobs.

"What happened? What happened?" squeaked Mickey and Minnie Mouse in one voice. "Tell us, someone."

"Well," resumed the pink elephant with a last sob, "we were playing statue very quiet like, when all of a sudden I felt myself sit down with a bang on the sill."

"How did that happen?" interrupted Mickey.

"I was standing on a chair waiting for the purple cow to give me 'around the world' and then she did and I landed on the sill!"

"Hurry on! Go on! Hurry!" squeaked Minnie, impatience on every feature of her wee face.

"Then," continued the elephant, "with one shriek the purple cow fainted clean away, for there in the doorway stood that daffy popular song writer grinning like a Cheshire Cat. When he saw that we saw him, he turned and walked slowly away singing just loud enough for us all to hear, 'Pink elephants on the window, pink elephants on the sill.' A-a-and that's all we could hear. But imagine m-my embarrassment, for everybody sings his songs. Oh—I'm so m-mortified." And once again the poor elephant gave way to pitiful sobs.

LAURIE PILLING, *High Eight*.

LOCAL BOY RECUPERATES

"Yep," remarked the proprietor of the general store in Whosisville, conversationally, "yep, my nephew Egbert got back from the big city yesterday. He was telling me some of the run-ins he had with the city slickers. Takes a purty smart chap to put something over on Egbert, I reckon."

"He'd heard about those slickers trying to sell the Brooklyn Bridge, so he thought, bein' as how he was as smart as any city guy, that he would try it.

"He did, but it seems the man already owned the bridge, so Egbert had to pay him a right smart sum to keep the feller from prosecutin'!

"A little later Egbert met a man who rushed up excited like and told him to look up, but Egbert wasn't going to have his pocket picked while he gazed upwards, so he didn't.

"Well, after Egbert came to, he asked how it happened. The fellow had been in earnest because a scaffolding was slippin' up above, and had fallen and hit Egbert on the head. But his pocket wasn't picked. No, sir. You have to get up pretty early to catch Egbert napping. Smart as a whip, Egbert is.

"Oh, Egbert, he is still in bed, and they'll take the bandages off next month."

BOB LAMBORN, *High Nine*.

RELICS IN THE ATTIC

The old grandfather clock in the hall struck six times and still mother hadn't returned from her visit with my aunt. The day was swiftly turning to night and my anxiety was increasing with the passing of time. I tried to think of something pleasant to occupy myself with while waiting for mother. Suddenly an unusual impulse seized me. I hastened up two flights of stairs, turned the knob of a door, and stood on the threshold of a large room. I must have smiled as my eyes wandered from one familiar object to another. Nothing was amiss; the old trunks, dusty books, broken toys covered with cobwebs, old family pictures, and broken mirrors, still lay in their dusty nooks. Without hesitation I walked quickly to an old rusty trunk which I had ransacked countless times and had never failed to supply entertainment on my frequent journeys to the attic. I lifted a cobwebby padlock and started my delightful explorations.

I delved into the trunk and triumphantly brought out the precious diary containing the facts of my great-grandfather's journey across the prairie. On turning the thumb-worn pages, I decided to costume myself according to the various descriptions of the characters in the diary. Once more I searched the contents of the trunk and found a beautiful buckskin Indian suit, presented to my grandfather by an Indian chief. Then followed a mad hunt for the moccasins and headpiece. I was doomed to disappointment, however, for the desired headpiece was definitely missing; nevertheless. I consoled myself with a mask of a bear's face, Grandfather's favorite relic.

Once clothed in these outlandish clothes I returned to the neglected diary. Rudely awakened from my reverie by an odd rustling sound coming from the direction of an old, broken mirror on the wall, I let the diary fall to the floor with a thud. I ran excitedly in the direction of the

noise and stood aghast! A face gleamed maliciously at me as I glanced in the scarred surface of the mirror. I screamed and turned quickly around. To all appearances I was the only occupant of the attic, save a small mouse which had caused the startling disturbance. With a sudden realization the truth dawned on me. I sank into a broken chair and laughed. The mask fell off my face and rolled some distance from the chair, where it stared hideously at me from its dusty resting place.

—◆—
ELAINE WEST, *High Nine*.

JOE JUMPER

In the days of forty-nine, when Indians were common and bandits were not hard to find, there lived a middle-aged, peg-legged stage driver. His name, Joe Jumper, was well known along the Oregonian coast.

One day as his creaking old coach was jogging from Salem on the way to 'Frisco, a voice was heard from the back seat. "Be there any danger of them pesky Red Men?" asked a stout woman, looking very out-of-place in blue polka dots and an emerald brooch. "No, ma'm, not if we're careful," was the reply. . . . After another hour of riding, Joe Jumper drew the reins. "Out for the night," he explained. The passengers, consisting of the stout woman, a tall man, a pair of lovers, and a miner, alighted. They were led into a nearby farmhouse, where, with a bit of gold, they procured food and rest for the night.

Early the next morning, after they had been riding for some time, the horses suddenly reared. Had not Joe Jumper been an excellent driver, they probably would have run away. For there was a small, but fierce-looking band of Indians! Some carried rifles, and others merely evil-looking knives!

Joe Jumper did not wait. He swiftly unstrapped his peg leg and threw it into their midst. The Indians, frightened at this god-like man who could pull off a leg at random, drew back. The tall man, cleverly following suit, extracted his false teeth, muttered a few words, and pretended to swallow them. With cries of horror, the Indians fled, leaving their weapons lying, useless, on the ground! They were never seen in that vicinity again!

—◆—
DOROTHY PRESTON, *Low Eight*.

WORLD'S FAIR, 2165

I, L54, born 2153, went to a world's fair yesterday afternoon. It was very interesting. I will tell you about it. At 15 o'clock, Comrade Roosevelt, president of the Official Organization of Inter-planetary States, arrived in his private rocket ship from Mars, where he has his base. At first we looked at the very ancient models of rocket ships used about 1969. Rocket ships were very slow then, not being able to exceed 2,000 miles an hour.

The main feature of the fair was a very old train, worth a great deal of money; about 200,000 litres. This was a train called the Rocket. It was the very latest style when put out in 1933. Comrade Roosevelt

claims that his honorable great-great-grandfather, Franklin D. Roosevelt, president of the country called the "U. S. A.," which has not existed since 1983, rode in it to his inauguration. The train was very odd, having wheels that ran along tracks on the ground, instead of aero-station beams to hold it to the Milky Way. It used electricity instead of irridium for lights. This was very odd, seing such a vehicle, in which people had actually traveled.

JAMES BEVER, *High Eight*.

GLIDER KING

A feeling of pride slipped over Jim as he felt the wind whistle by his ears. He and his handiwork were out for the world's glider endurance record. The dainty craft slid over the crest of a hill, the upward currents from the hill catching it and sending it up at an unbelievable rate.

Having two hundred feet of air between him and the ground, he cruised around in search of a cloud in order to gain more altitude. He saw a dark cumulus cloud in the distance and it was coming toward him; if he could stay up until the cloud drifted near him he would be safe for at least two hours. He managed to get under the cloud and was sucked up by the cloud current. He passed from a world of sunshine into one of mist, in which he could not see a thing. Although unable to see, he could feel himself rising. At last the raft emerged from the mist to the sunshine on top of the cloud and there Jim floated for many an hour.

Jim knew by his compass that he was traveling toward the ocean, but he did not realize how fast he was traveling. After watching the sunset behind the cloud, Jim decided to go down. He slipped through the cloud and on coming out below was surprised to see only water below him. Way off to the left he could see land, but he knew that he could not reach it without helpful winds. He took as much altitude as he could from the upward air current of the cloud and then started out on a long flat glide. After covering about half the distance he noticed the wind was dying down, and that he was sinking rapidly. He coaxed his glider on until only about a mile separated him from safety, but he had been losing altitude all this time and he was now only a hundred feet from the water. Suddenly the wind ceased altogether and he had to make his glide steeper to keep flying speed. Down, down he went until his skid was only three feet from the water. Down still father until the bottom of the plane was a few inches from the ocean and the spray blew in his face. Jim gave up hope and was about to land when a sudden gust of wind caught the ship and tossed it up so suddenly that it nearly knocked Jim out. Up he tore, the wings of the glider creaking under the strain. When the squall passed Jim found himself nearly two hundred feet high and within easy gliding distance of the beach. He reached the beach easily, but when about to land another gust caught him, sending him up. This time, however, he did not get far, for there was a splintering sound, the wind whistled by his ears, then there was a crash and everything went black.

The next morning Jim awoke in a soft bed of the San Centro hospital. He was glider king, for he had beaten the old record by thirteen minutes.

KENNETH STREET, *Low Eight*.

WHILE CHICAGO SLEEPS

The hands of the big clock in the square point to twenty minutes to midnight. "Pop" Foster, a veteran Chicago policeman, is making his habitual rounds. His footsteps resound ominously in the darkness. This part of the city is not brilliantly lighted as is downtown Chicago and the Gold Coast. Foster passes the Merchants Bank, peers around, and is swallowed into the night.

Ah!—but "Pop" Foster's near-sighted eyes failed to see the crouching figure of a young man who has now ventured forth from the deep shadows. After glancing hastily down the street he shifts his gaze to the old clock and then retreats into the doorway of the building.

Seconds pass.

A black Pierce Arrow sedan glides down the street silently and mysteriously. Onward it comes. It stops before the bank and the lone man steps out of the obscurity of the building. He steps in the path of the glaring headlights and for a moment seems blinded by them. He is of average build and wears a light gray suit. Across his handsome tanned face is a white scar extending across his lower cheek. This does not detract from his fine features at all. The light in his deep blue eyes is unfathomable. The smile that plays around his mouth is inscrutable.

His attitude is that of buoyant eagerness, but he approaches the car with cautiousness. Upon seeing the occupants he nods his head, opens the door, and clambers in a bit awkwardly.

To anyone else but this young man, who is known in the Secret Service Agency as Wm. McFarland Jr., son of the prosperous oil magnate, stepping into his high powered machine would have sent qualms of fear through him. The occupants are none other than four of Chicago's most dangerous, feared, ruthless, and notorious gangsters. They are Red McCabe, a steady, plodding, but an essentially useful fellow; Bert, the big shot; Barney, who is German; and Rusty, the boy with the quick temper and who has an ever ready hand for his gun. The presence of Wm. McFarland Jr. in the company of these men is nobly accounted for. To them he is known as merely Ted. He has broken into their gang and gained their confidence as supposedly just another racketeer. However, he is one of the Secret Service Agency's most important detectives. So far, everything has run along smoothly. "Ted" has been mailing reports to the Inspector every day.

The car door is slammed. Once again the powerful car roars down the street of the great metropolis.

The driver, Red McCabe, wears a hat slouched down over his face. His companion, Rusty, keeps looking at him with both a quizzical and doubtful expression. The countenances of the two men on either side of Ted in the back are very grim. The atmosphere breathes determination. Ted realized this and fear clutches at his heart. Gritting his teeth he resolves to fight to the last. He knows he is being taken for "a ride."

Determined to make a break for freedom Ted tries to leap from the car. His attempt is unsuccessful.

Pinned beneath Bert's strength, Ted demands to know the destination.

"You'll soon find out, Mr. Wm. McFarland," curtly replies Bert; "in fact, we're here now," he continues. They are now some twelve miles outside of Chicago.

"Ye gods," mutters McFarland under his breath, realizing that his exit from this world will be made in only a few short seconds.

"Come on," drawls Rusty as the car stops.

"Step lively and make it snappy!"

Before he has time to even prove his coolness by stepping out himself, Barney roughly shoves McFarland out. He tries to hit the hated Bert, but Bert throws the boy roughly forward, draws his revolver and fires five shots in rapid succession. McFarland's bullet-riddled body crumples over.

"And that," says the radio announcer, "is the end of today's episode in the thrilling drama, 'While Chicago Sleeps.' You will hear the next exciting chapter tomorrow night at this same hour. And so, good night and sweet dreams."

MARGARET ROHRER, *High Nine*.

DAWN

First, a barely discernible pink that deepens into rose. The clouds are edged with this coral hue, giving a heavenly atmosphere. Near the horizon the color is intensified into a bright scarlet. Light creeps over the hills and through the city. A little sparrow has now awakened and is chirping a cheery melody to his dormant mate. An early riser, our friend, the milkman, may be heard at his daily task. In a gnarled oak, the squirrel, bubbling over with fun, has arisen to view the increasing light. All things, be they bird, beast, or human, rejoice that another day has come.

FREDERICK KIDDER, *High Nine*.

THE RACE

The contestants are lined up, their glistening vehicles shining in the sun. The riders bend low, tense for the starting signal. A hush; then they are off.

Spinning down the track every rider tries to get the most out of his sturdy steed. It is give and take for the first stretch; then it settles down to a long grind. One lap, two laps, three, four—now the last sprint. Those tired riders tear along the track. It's over!

Here comes the winner to get his reward. It is little Billy Watkins, who, on his red and silver Spurling Tricycle, wins the strawberry lolly-pop.

JOHN BRENNEIS, *High Seven*.

THE FIRST TRIP TO THE MOON

Back in the year of 1934 Professor H. Upton of a notable college of astronomy, carefully packed the last can of oxygen in his rocket ship and stepped out to collect his three fellow astronomers, as it was within five minutes of leaving time. They were headed for the moon, and traveling at the rate of four miles a second, they would reach the moon in less than a day. A snickering had gone up among certain people in the crowd who had gathered to watch them take off. Many people thought he was crazy.

The four astronomers climbed in and Professor Upton waved goodbye through the side window. The taking off made a terrific flash and, looking out of the back window, they watched the earth rapidly dwindling in size until it looked about four or five times the size of the moon.

"In a few more seconds," said Professor Upton, "we will be in the stratosphere. We will open some of our cans of oxygen." They found it much easier to breathe after they had done so. Looking through the front window, they saw the moon which they were rapidly approaching. The deep pits and high mountains were plainly visible, and the nearer they came the brighter it seemed to shine. Professor Upton announced that they were getting very close to the moon and that he would put the ship into reverse against its gravity. There was a slight jerky motion and the rocket landed on a vast expanse of ice and snow. The four men then put on masks filled with air and stepped out of the ship. The first things they noticed were the intense cold and the blinding brightness of the light reflected on the snow. There was a shallow pit near where they had landed and they started forward. They were surprised at how easily they could walk. When one of the men jumped he went six or seven feet into the air. They had now reached the pit and, looking over, they saw a queer looking creature with a long flexible body and a knob with two huge staring eyes for a head. Its color was a light red. It did not run away when they approached, but swayed its body back and forth and made a high humming sound.

"Why!" cried the Professor, who was closest to it, "it's growing in the ice just like a plant!" After it had been examined and had had five or six pictures taken of it, they left it and looked at the planets through some telescopes they had brought. After taking many pictures, they turned the rocket's nose toward the Earth and shot themselves off. They watched the moon getting smaller just as they had watched the Earth on coming to the moon.

A few hours later Professor Upton and his men again found themselves on Earth showing the pictures, which they had developed en route, to many curious scientists. That night Professor Upton read all about his flight to the moon in the paper. Why, it said that he was considered the greatest astronomer in the world! And who can deny it? Every one was talking about his daring adventure and the "Extra" boys were hoarse!

In this day and age we think nothing of going to the moon—Mars, Venus, and many other places—but we must remember that he broke the ice for us. He was the *first* man to reach the moon.

MARION GABBERT.

“THE LOCHINVAR’S TENTH ANNIVERSARY

“Did you close the door after you, Lochinvar?” asked the Lady Ellen. “Methinks I feel a draft and I can’t let Norman get a worse cold.”

“My dear lady, it seems to me that drafts follow you about like smoke from a fire,” said Lochinvar, somewhat impatiently as he crossed the room and drew the curtains before the door.

“You were not so indifferent to my comfort ten years ago tonight when you carried me away from Netherby Hall,” wistfully complained Ellen, as she pulled her chair closer to the fire.

“Nor were you so squeamish about a little chill—I remember, when you laughed at your wetting when we swam the Eske,” retorted Lochinvar.

“I was young then and foolish. I would probably be a lot better off if I had stayed at my home,” angrily tossed back Ellen with a stamp of her little foot.

“Oh, yes, my fine lady, and now you would be that old carpet knight’s wife looking for his crutches while he hobbled about with his gout.”

“How dare you!” burst out Ellen with flaming cheeks.

“Well, wouldn’t you?” laughingly teased Lochinvar, anxious to close the argument.

“Perhaps,” admitted Ellen, allowing a smile to creep from the corners of her mouth, as she permitted herself to be drawn up on her husband’s knee.

VYELAINE CUNNINGHAM, *High Eight*.



Poetry

It is true that poets are born and not made. So are musicians. But natural endowments are developed only through exercise. Our school is interested in its young writers, and has instituted the annual poetry contest to encourage them. The Gleaner takes the greatest pleasure in presenting to you some of the poets of Garfield.

BLANCHE MORSE.

The Awakening

*Spring's brush touches the gaunt, grim hills,
And jagged peaks pointing to the sky,
And makes them new again.
Spring pauses by a streamlet, and tinkle, tinkle
Goes the ice as she breaks it, and lets the stream gush
through.
She streaks the green in the meadow,
And touches here and there a place, and then the
flowers come up
To blink at the bright sun.
She wakes the old bear—tells the rabbit to put away
his winter coat.
She breathes upon the snow banks, and they shrink
away
From her warm breath.
She plunges her brush deep into her living colors.
And strokes the evening sky,
But even her colors fade fast
And soon are gone.*

IVA DEE HIATT, *Hight Nine*.

Birth of a Tree

*A tiny seed
Dropped.
A splash of rain
Wet—wet—
A shaft of sunlight.
Life stirs.
Birth—
Growth—
Beauty of Youth.*

LILIAN HENNESSEY, *Low Nine*.

It's Spring

*Snow showers drifting—
Rosy fragrance lifting—
April thoughts surround me—
It's spring.*

*Rendezvous of bluebirds,
Melody beyond words.
Harbingers who tell us
It's spring.*

*Pink petals in the air—
White blossoms—Everywhere
Is spilled their perfume.
It's spring.*

*Crumpled, pinky, jewels,
Mirrored in elfin pools,
Fleecy clouds above me—
It's spring.*

LILIAN HENNESSEY, *Low Nine.*

The Western Mail

*A hum comes to us through the dusk,
And now 'tis drawing nigh.
High in the air is an evening star
Speeding through the sky.*

*Meteor, comet, plane, or star
Crossing the green hill's crest?
Now we see 'tis a man-made bird
Speeding toward the West.*

*Like mythical Mercury speeding through space,
Sent by Jupiter, god of the sky,
High on the trails where the weird wind wails,
The Mail glides swiftly by.*

WILBUR ROGERS, *High Nine.*

Leaves

*Just watch the leaves turn in and out
As if they were alive.
They circle, twist, and twirl about
Like bees around a hive.
They trip it so in mazy reel.
It cannot be by chance;
I think it must be fairy folk
Who teach the leaves to dance.*

RUTH DIBBLE, *High Eight.*

My Island

*There's an island, green as emeralds
Set in a sapphire sea.
I have a fancy for it,
And it's there I'd like to be.*

*No mortal's foot has trod on it,
For nature there rules all,
From each tiny seed and leaflet,
To giant trees, and waterfall.*

*I know not how to reach it,
Or in what craft to go,
But I'll always strive to reach this isle
Where softly Zephyrs blow.*

*I know it, every inch of it,
This land I've never seen.
From the mighty pinioned walls of it
To the meadows low and green.*

*Something seems to draw me to it
As the pollen does the bee,
But alas! This land of sunshine
Is but a dream to me.*

BILLY GRANNELL, *High Eight.*



To a Little House

*'Tis a house,
A little house,
A tiny house of green.
Stepping-stones go to the door,
With grasses between.
Its roof and window-frames are red,
Its door is rusty brown.
The birdlings sing throughout the day
And flowers bloom around.
Inside, this house is clean and neat,
And always full of joy.
For there with their loved parents
Live a little girl and boy.*

ELIZABETH KREMSER, *Low Seventh.*

The Fisherman's Ballad

*There was a jolly fisherman who lived beside the sea,
He went a-sailing every day, a-singing merrily
"Come fishes large, come fishes small."
A "Yo-bo-bo, come, hear my call;
I'll take you to the market stall
Where you'll be seen by one and all
That pass that way," sang he.*

*There were many silly fishes a-living in the sea;
They listened to the fisher's song that rang so merrily.
The fishes large, the fishes small, sang,
"Oh, yes; oh, yes; we hear your call.
Oh, take us to the market stall
Where we'll be seen by one and all—
That's where we'd like to be."*

*And so that jolly fisherman,
Who lived beside the sea,
He cast his net and sang his song
(He sang right merrily).
The fishes small,
The fishes long, came crowding at his merry call.
He took them to the market stall
And they were seen by one and all
That passed that way—ah me!*

ADA RUTH JOHNSON, *High Nine.*



Jewels of the Night

I

*The dark is all around me,
(A few hours ago 'twas day),
And the lights begin to twinkle,
In the city 'cross the bay.*

II

*Red and green and white lights,
All mixed up and showered down,
They remind me of a thousand kites,
Let out to light the town.*

III

*I'd like to pluck a shining jewel,
From amongst the city's lights,
And place it in a ring of gold,
All beautiful and bright.*

BETTY SUE COLVIN, *Low Seven.*

The Cottage

*It's a small shingled cottage with rough inside walls,
A honey-suckle vine o'er the back of it falls.
There's a clump of bamboo trees in back of the wall,
And their wide, cool, green leaves spread shade over all.*

*There's also a terrace with roses around,
And purple wistaria down to the ground,
There're flowering peach trees, with rosy pink blooms,
And cute flower faces peek in all the rooms.*

*By the front door there's a small square of green,
And a flowered acacia tree spread o'er the scene,
Its branches are touching the roof up above,
It's a home for two people, and the home that they love.*

BETTY LOU HOWARD, *High Eight.*

Night

*Purple hills,
Shadows deep,
O'er it all,
Night will creep.*

*Kindly night,
Soft and dark,
Work has ceased,
Hushed the lark.*

*All is peace,
Gone the noise,
Rest for tired
Girls and boys.*

FREDERICK KIDDER, *High Nine.*

The Mesa Trail

*There's a long, long trail a-winding
Up to the mesa high,
From the dusty, wind-blown desert
To where the eagles fly.*

*There's a small, dark girl ascending,
Whose little feet are bare.
Her mother bakes tortillas
In an old clay oven there.*

*There will be a feast on the morrow,
With peaches and rabbit stew.
All will be dressed in splendor
And there will be dances too.*

ELIZABETH SAUER, *Low Eight.*

In the Zoo

I

*As they roam about their cages in the zoo.
Have you seen the gay young monkey
Or the elephants so chunky,
And have you heard the black bears growling in the zoo?*

II

*Have you ever seen the snakes in the zoo, in the zoo,
As they coil and spit and rattle in the zoo?
Have you seen the tawny tiger
Or her wild mate from the Niger,
And have you heard the wolves a-howling in the zoo?*

BARBARA OLD, *High Seven.*

The Taj Mahal

*The Taj Mahal, the resting place
Of Mogul lady, fair, supreme in grace,
In beauty built of marble white
Stands glistening in the bright moonlight.
The Emperor did build it there
In memory of his love so rare
Inlaid with jewels from every place
Flower and leaf designs do trace.
To Agra Fort we go today
And from the selfsame window may
Behold the dome against the skies
That Jehan saw with dying eyes.*

ELIZABETH COLLINS, *High Eight.*



Ecstasy

*I stood on the peak of a hilltop,
And I saw from its rolling crest
An immortal light as the monarch of day
Sank slowly into the west.*

*I stood on the peak of a hilltop,
And I saw in the grass at my feet
The golden crowns of the buttercups,
As they closed their eyes in sleep.*

*I stood on the peak of a hilltop,
And I heard through the last ray of light
A small bird, singing softly,
As if bidding the world good night.*

*Oh great and only Creator!
Who gave my moment of bliss,
I offer thanks from a grateful heart
To have thrilled with such glory as this.*

SUSAN MARX, *High Seven.*

The Tale of a Mouse

I

*There's a lovely green field
At the back of our house,
And there one day playing
I spied a small mouse.*

II

*'Twas peeping from under
A bundle of hay,
But as soon as it saw me
It was off and away!*

III

*I chased it and caught it,
'Twas laden, you see,
And, of course, being little,
Was frightened of me.*

IV

*It looked up at me
With sad tiny eyes,
I looked down at it
In wondering surprise.*

V

*"Please don't kill me," it said
In a shivering voice;
"I'd rather go home, now,
If I just had my choice.*

VI

*I couldn't be cruel
To a tiny brown mouse,
And now I've a pal
At the back of our house.*

RUTH DIBBLE, *High Eight.*



Ego

*I am a pirate bold, I am;
I sail the raging sea!
The sharks and whales with flapping tails,
Are all afraid of me.*

*On desert isles I roam, I do,
And bury all my gold!
I dance and sing like anything,
For I'm a pirate bold.*

CARLTON JAMES, *High Seven.*

Old Ironsides

*Old Ironsides a-gleaming
A-lying in the bay—
And gone are all her cannon
That shone a former day.*

*That shone when men were fighters,
That shone when men were true,
That shone with Jolly Rogers,
That sailed the waters blue.*

*Old Ironsides is gleaming
A-lying in the sun,
And past are all her war days;
Her fighting days are done.*

FRANK RYAN.



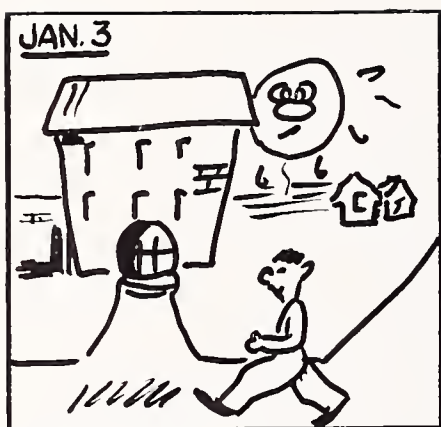
GRADUATION

On Thursday morning, June 8, at 9:30 o'clock, the program of graduation exercises for the class of June, 1933, was given.

Entrance March and Processional	GARFIELD ORCHESTRA
Invocation	REV. E. O. FORDE
Welcome	JAMES GRAY
Trumpet Solo—"Inflammatus" (Rossini)	HARRY McELROY
Class Motto	REID MACDONALD
Violin Solo	BORIS MINZYK
(a) "Sonata in G-minor" (Tartini)	
(b) "Liebesleid" ("Love's Sorrow") (Kreisler)	
Alumni Speakers	DWIGHT BARTHOLOMEW MARGARET ROBERTSON
Presentation of Class	PRINCIPAL D. L. HENNESSEY
Presentation of School Emblems	DR. A. B. HOWE
Class Song	GRADUATING CLASS
Farewell	LUCILE DICKSON
Benediction	REV. E. O. FORDE
Exit March and Recessional	GARFIELD ORCHESTRA

The following is the Class Day program which was presented on Wednesday, June 7:

Entrance March	GARFIELD ORCHESTRA
Trumpet Solo	HARRY McELROY
Class History	GRACE BULLOCK
Class Statistics	BILL ROTHLIN AND GEORGE FORDE DEAN STONE AND TOM BANNING
Music	<i>Selected</i>
Class Prophecy	RUTH JONES, MARCIA SCOBAY
Class Will	ALBERT POTTER, JANE DE ROY
Presentation of Honors	
Class Song	



CALENDAR

JANUARY

- 3—School begins! Who's your advisor?
- 6—First noon movie of the term.
- 10—Show your spirit, join the G. S. A.
- 13—High Nine girls show scrubs a good time.
- 17—Out early! P. T. A. meeting.
- 18—"First Aid" by Dr. Otis Marshall.
- 24—G. S. A. dance. "Off my toes, please."
- 25—First day of "Golden Silence."

FEBRUARY

- 3—Handsome student leaders and others in curtain benefit program.
- 6—Block G boys give noon ball.
- 15—Low Nine Honor Society has grand party.
- 16—Gleaner Staff, be prompt!
- 17—Alumni orchestra! good noon program.
- 24—"Help the needy, give to the Community Chest."

MARCH

- 1—Junior Red Cross. Drop your penny in the basket.
- 2—Rally! Rah-h-h!
- 3—"As You Like It" given by Mrs. Dyson's class.
- 7—A Cappella and Orchestra entertain the P. T. A.
- 8—"Twelfth Night" by Mrs. Schwimley's English class.
- 10—Mrs. Kilkenny's class gives "Midsummer Night's Dream."
- 15—Mrs. Archer's class "Tames the Shrew."
- 17—High Nines show the school how to run a noon dance.
- 21—Seventh grade gives a great piano contest.
- 22—More artists unearthed at eighth grade contest.

- 23—The ninth grade contest; more music.
- 24—"Congorilla." Ah-h-h!
- 25—"Rip Van Winkle" impersonated by Mr. Zimmerman.

APRIL

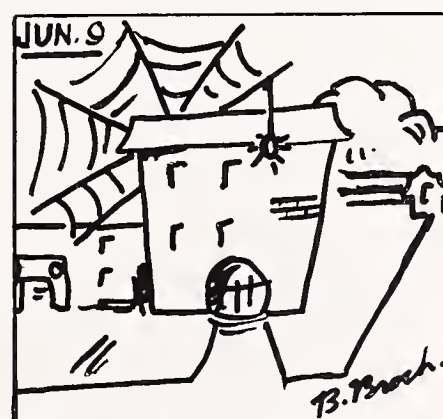
- 3—Low Eighth Honor Society has more eats.
- 17—O. K., *Old Ironsides*, here comes Garfield School.
- 21-22—Romantic, excellent play "The Vagabonds" given by Dads' Club.
- 26—Open house; be good children! Our parents are here.

MAY

- 5—Miss Mossman's class takes off to Station Cloudville.
- 11—P. T. A. has meeting at Garfield; is given a wonderful program.
- 12—Block G girls give a grand noon dance.
- 17—Rose petals tossed to veterans at G. A. R. parade.
- 22—High Eighth Honor Society storms Boy Scout camp.
- 26—Garfield poetry writers entertain school with fine program.

JUNE

- 1—Future scrubs visit Garfield.
- 2—Field Day! Best ever!
- 6—Graduating class practice and practice.
- 7—Class Day! Such wit! Such brilliant futures!
- 8—Graduation. Farewell to dear old Garfield, and the scenes we love so well.
- 9—No more pencils, no more books. Happy vacation to all.





Jokes

Whatever troubles Adam had,
No man in days of yore
Could say when he had told a joke,
"I've heard that one before."

Mr. Corley: "Rough on Nealson, wasn't it?"

Joe: "Oh, what happened?"

Mr. Corley: "Well, he slipped on a piece of banana skin and was arrested for giving a street performance without a license."



A private was standing in the company street, outside his tent, shaving.

"Do you always shave outside?" asked the sergeant.

"Of course," answered the private. "What do you think I am, furlined?"



being able to stand it any longer, shee heved a reluctant sputer and berst into flame. For you see, shee wus only a match.

He struk her, but she uttered no sound. He struk her agin, butt no wurd eskapt her lipz. Once moore he hitted on the hed brave thing that she was, she did not evan whimppurr. Then enraged beyond awl reegons at herr unconcern of his akshuns, the brute uttered a lo oth and began raining blos on herr pretee little hedd, even skratshing her in his madness. Evan thru this she remained silent. Butt finally, not



Soldier: "Sit down, you're rocking the boat."
 George Washington: "Can't do it."
 Soldier: "Why not?"
 George Washington: "Pants too tight."
 So they painted him standing up.

MRS. GRAY TAKES UP SLANG

1. Cease masticating the fabric.
2. Torrid Canines.
3. It's the feline's facial hirsute adornments.
4. That's a young male of the species "homo sapiens."
5. I shall announce it to the third planetary satellite of the sun.
6. It is the small succulent fruit.
7. Might I ask if it is not the veracity or conformity to facts?

MEANINGS

1. Quit chewing the rag.
2. Hot dog!
3. It's the cat's whiskers.
4. Atta boy.
5. I'll tell the world.
6. It's the berries.
7. Ain't it the truth?

Motor Cop: "So you saw the accident ma'am? What was the number of the car that knocked this man down?"

Miss Martin: "I'm afraid I've forgotten it. But I remember noticing that if it were multiplied by fifty, the cube root of the product would be equal to the sum of the digits reversed."

Surgeon (to attendant): "Go and get the name of the accident victim so that we can inform his mother."

Attendant (three minutes later): "He says his mother knows his name."



Teacher: "What would Washington have done if Lafayette had not answered his call?"

Pupil: "I suppose he'd have waited in the telephone booth and got his nickel back."

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Mrs. Smith: "If you want to make that song a success, you must be more enthusiastic. Open your mouth and throw yourself into it."

"Pretty soft," said the Scrub as he scratched his head.

You can lead a scrub to class, but you can't make him think.

Mrs. Hoover: "History is handed down from mouth to mouth."

Miss Barry: "Goodness, how unsanitary."

VEGETARIAN LOVE

Do you carrot all for me? My heart beets for you, and my love is as soft as squash. But I'm as strong as an onion for you're a peach. With your turnip nose and your radish hair, you are the apple of my eye. If you cantaloupe with me, lettuce marry anyhow, for I know weed make a pear.

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LATIN JOKES

Tempore historiae magister rogavit, "Quis accidit in 1483?"

"Luther natus est," inquit puer statim.

"Id est rectus. Quis accidit in 1487?"

Post tempus longum, "Luther quattuor annos natus est."

IVA DEE HIATT.

Adulescens nauta in nave longa esse voluit, ut orbem videret. Sed in nave sub mari orbem non vidit!

BILL HIRST.

Latin Poem

Felis, felis, ubi fuisti?

Fui Londinium

Ut refinam viderem.

Felis, felis, quid ibi fecisti?

Musculum terrui sub subsellio.

JOANNE TAYLOR.

Mr. Boehne (to lazy student): "Name a parasite."

Student: "Me?"

Mr. Boehne: "Yes, but name another."

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